



No. 87

ANOTHER THRILLING
PENGUIN
ACTION-ADVENTURE!



Detective

MAY

COMICS

TEN
CENTS



OUTGUESS THE WEATHERMAN

AMAZING FORECASTER

PREDICTS THE WEATHER
24 HOURS IN ADVANCE

READ ALL ABOUT THE
"SWISS" WEATHER HOUSE
AND **FREE** GIFT OFFER
IF YOU ACT AT ONCE

IMPORTANT!

This is not a cheap, un-
dependable storm glass. The
Weatherman Weather House is the
original "Swiss" Weather House
in advance. Beware of imitations.

**BE YOUR OWN WEATHERMAN—
YOU'LL KNOW TOMORROW'S WEATHER TODAY**

Why pay \$5 or \$10 for a barometer when you can predict the weather yourself, at home, 8 to 24 hours in advance, with this accurate, inexpensive Weather House forecaster? It's made like a little Swiss cottage, with a thatched green roof and small green shutters. Inside the house is an old witch and a little boy and girl. When the weather is going to be fine, the little boy and girl come out in front. But when bad weather is on the way the old witch makes an appearance. There is an easy-to-read thermometer on the front of the cottage that shows you the exact temperature.

You can depend on knowing the condition of the weather from eight to twenty-four hours in advance with this Weather House, made in U. S. A. . . . Everyone—business men, housewives, teachers, farmers, school children, laborers, doctors, lawyers, ministers, clubs and colleges can now predict the weather in advance. Here is positively the most amazing introductory advertising offer ever made. You must act quickly—prices may rise.

SEND NO MONEY

Sent to You on 100% Satisfaction Guarantee

Simply send the FREE Gift Offer coupon below for your "Swiss" Weather House and free Good Luck Leaf. When they arrive just deposit through your Postman \$1.69 (your total cost), plus postage. Then test the Weather House for accuracy. Watch it closely, see how perfectly it predicts the weather in advance, then if you don't agree it's worth many dollars more than the small cost, simply return your Weather House within 10 days and get your money back promptly.

Almost every day of your life is affected in some way by the weather, and it's such a satisfaction to have a reliable indication of what the weather will be. With the "Swiss" Weather House and easy-to-read thermometer you have an investment in comfort and convenience for years to come. The Weather House comes to you complete and ready to use. Ideal for gifts and for your own use. It will bring pleasure to everyone in your family. The price is only \$1.69 C.O.D. You must act now to secure this price.

DOUBLE VALUE COUPON—MAIL TODAY

The Weather Man, Dept. MC2
29 East Madison Street,
Chicago, Illinois

10 DAY TRIAL COUPON

Send at once (1) "Swiss" Weather House and Free Good Luck Leaf. On arrival, I will pay postman \$1.69 plus postage with the understanding that the Weather House is guaranteed to work accurately. Also I can return the weather house for any reason within 10 days and get my money back.

☐ Send C.O.D. ☐ I enclose \$1.69 You Pay Postage. Two for \$2.98.

Name _____ (Please print plainly)

Address _____

City _____ State _____

FREE
for Prompt
Action

7½" high—5" wide
4" deep
Made of Genuine Walnut

GOOD LUCK LEAF Lives on Air Alone

The greatest novelty plant ever discovered!
Tradition is—a person owning one of these
plants will have much good luck and success.



AS YOU RECEIVE IT



AS IT GROWS FOR YOU



EACH TINY PLANT
PRODUCES THIS

Free-free—for prompt action. It will grow in your room joined to the wooden curtain. This leaf grows a plant as every month. The small plants may be detached and potted if desired. When planted in earth, it grows two feet tall and blooms beautifully. The blooms may be cut and dried and they will hold their beauty for years. This plant is being studied by some of our leading Universities and is raising very high in plant evolution.

HERE'S WHAT WEATHER HOUSE OWNERS SAY—

"My neighbors now phone me to find out what the weather is going to be. I've certainly think the Weather House is marvelous." Mrs. J. S. Amers.
"I never rush to more Weather Houses I want to give them away as gifts. They are wonderful!" Mrs. J. P. Booth Bay Maine

"I saw your Weather House at a friend's home and the way they raved about it, I decided to order one for myself." Miss L. R. Chicago, Ill.
"Ever since I got my Weather House I've been able to plan my office as I wish. It's wonderful!" Mrs. D. L. B. Shenandoah, Iowa

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BAT MAN

WITH
ROBIN

- THE BOY WONDER -

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE
AN ORDINARY UMBRELLA
FOR KEEPING DRY IN AN
ORDINARY SHOWER...

BUT WHEN THAT BOLD
BIRD OF BANDITRY, THE
PENGUIN, UNLIMBERS HIS
ARSENAL OF EXTRA-SUPER-
SPECIAL UMBRELLAS---
THEN'S THE TIME TO
LOOK OUT FOR SUCH
A THUNDERSTORM OF
VILLAINY AS ONLY THE
RAZOR-EDGED WITS OF
ONE OF THE WORLD'S
SHREWDEST CRIMINALS
CAN STIR UP!

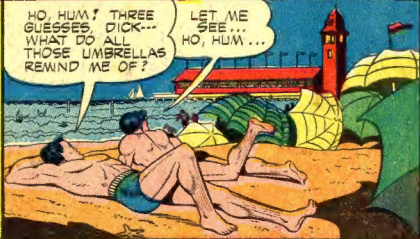
IT IS IN SUCH A DEADLY
DOWNPOUR THAT THE
MIGHTY BATMAN AND
THE DAREDEVIL ROBIN
ARE CAUGHT WHEN THEY
SWING INTO DAZZLING
ACTION ONCE MORE
AGAINST AN OLD ENEMY,
MATCHING TRICK FOR
TRICK WITH---

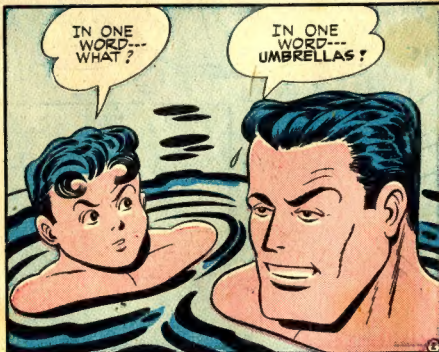
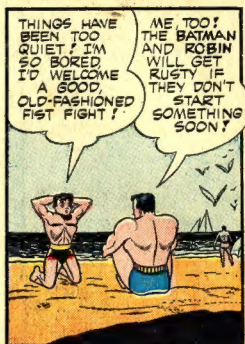
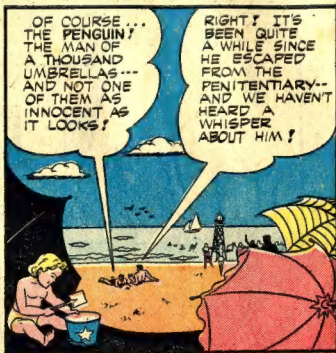
**"THE MAN OF A
THOUSAND
UMBRELLAS"**

BRUCE WAYNE,
SOCIETY
PLAYBOY,
AND
HIS
YOUNG WARD,
DICK GRAYSON,
FIGHT
A
LOSING
BATTLE
WITH
BOREDOM
AT
THE BEACH...

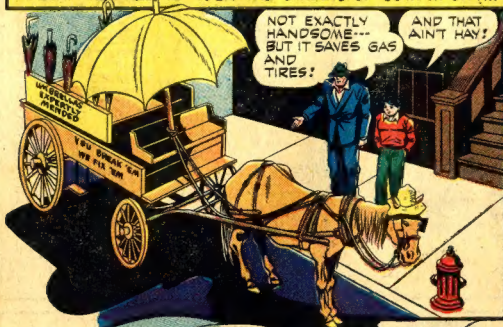
HO, HUM? THREE
GUESSES, DICK---
WHAT DO ALL
THOSE UMBRELLAS
REMIND ME OF?

LET ME
SEE...
HO, HUM...





SO IT HAPPENS THAT TWO DAYS LATER, A CREAKING, WHEEZING WAGON PREPARES TO TOUR THE STREETS OF GOTHAM CITY...



NOT EXACTLY HANDSOME... BUT IT SAVES GAS AND TIRES!

AND THAT AIN'T HAY!

UM-BRELLAS MENDED? ANY UM-BRELLAS TODAY?

LOUDER!



I BENT THIS ONE OVER THE HEAD OF A BURGLAR... CLIMBING THROUGH A WINDOW... ONLY HE TURNED OUT TO BE MY HUSBAND!

RECKON THE MOTHS MUSTA GOT INTO THIS!

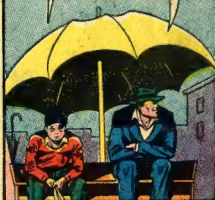
YOU REALLY KNOW YOUR STUFF! WE COULD MAKE A GOOD LIVING AT THIS!

I CAN THINK OF WORSE WAYS!



WE'VE BEEN DRIVING ALL DAY... AND NO PENGUIN!

IT'S A BIG CITY, DICK... BUT EVEN IF IT TAKES US WEEKS, IT'LL BE BETTER THAN LYING AROUND DOING NOTHING!



BUT THE PSEUDO-UMBRELLA-MENDERS ARE NEARER THE END OF THEIR SEARCH THAN THEY THINK... FOR NOT FAR AHEAD OF THEM WADDLES A FAMILIAR FIGURE...

SMOKED GLASSES ARE ENOUGH OF A DISGUISE TO FOOL THE STUPID POLICE! HMMM... NEARLY TIME FOR SHOPS TO CLOSE!

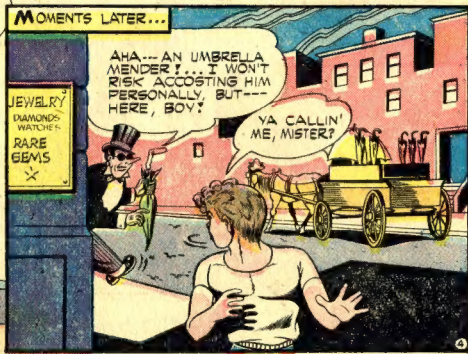
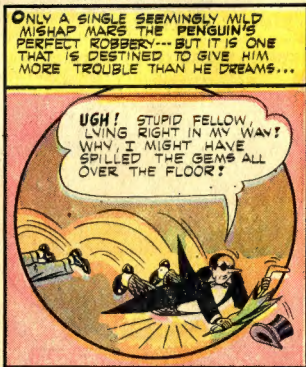
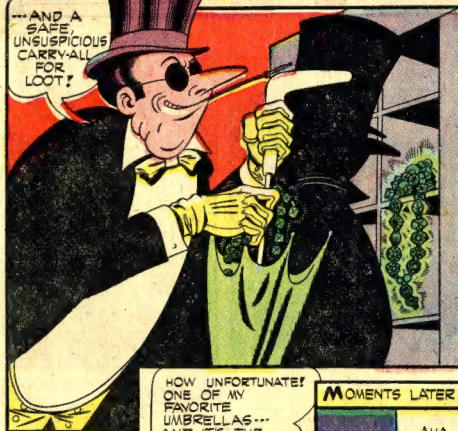
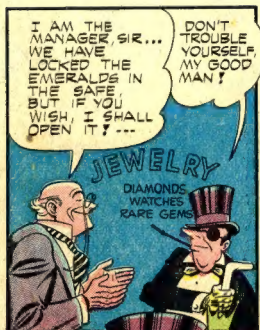


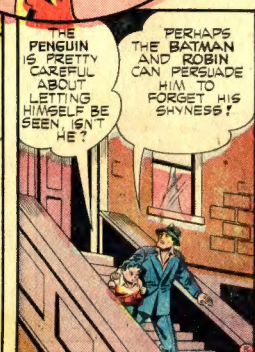
I KNOW IT'S CLOSING TIME, BUT I SIMPLY MUST HAVE THOSE MAGNIFICENT EMERALDS YOU HAD ON DISPLAY EARLIER!

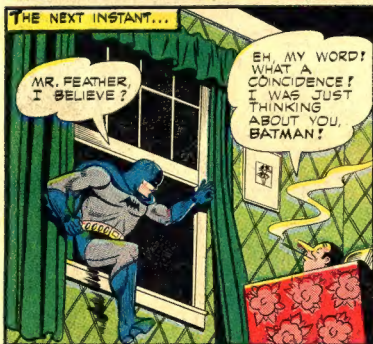
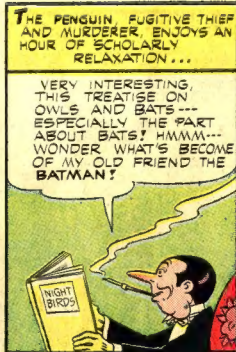
WELL... OF COURSE IF YOU WISH TO MAKE A PURCHASE THAT LARGE...



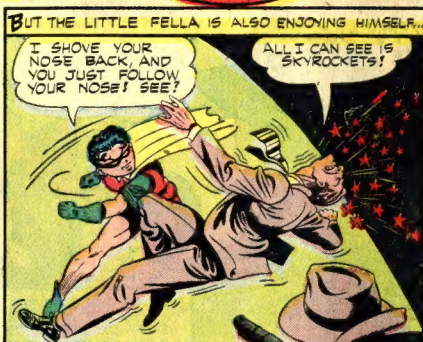
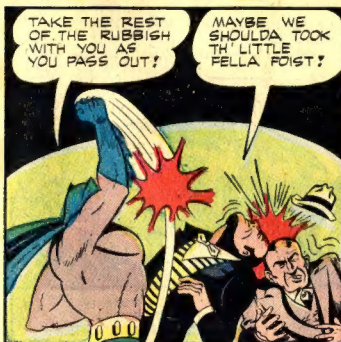
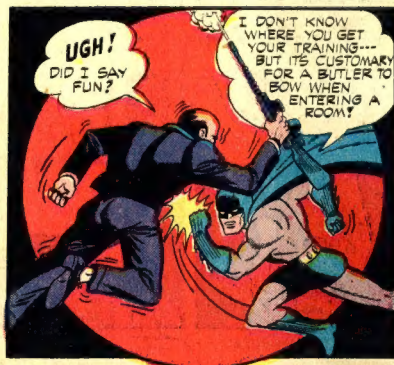
THE PENGUIN!







AS THE DOOR CLOSES UPON THE RESOURCEFUL
ROGUE ...



NEXT DAY IN THE BRUCE WAYNE HOME...

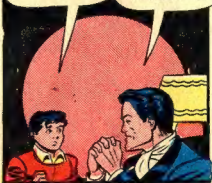
I FEEL LIKE AN IDIOT WHEN I THINK HOW WE LET HIM SLIP THROUGH OUR HANDS!

DON'T TAKE IT SO HARD... NEXT TIME WE'LL TURN THE TABLES!



IF THERE IS A NEXT TIME! BUT HE'LL BE EXTRA CAREFUL AND NEVER GO OUT WITHOUT A DISGUISE!

WELL, IF WE SEE A SHORT-LEGGED LITTLE MAN CARRYING AN UMBRELLA ON A SUNNY DAY, WE'LL TAKE A PEEK BEHIND THE FALSE WHISKERS!



TRUE, THE PENGUIN'S TRADE MARK IS AN UMBRELLA--BUT WHEN BRUCE AND DICK SCOUT THE CROWDED STREETS...

SEEMS TO ME I NEVER SAW SO MANY UMBRELLAS IN MY LIFE BEFORE WHEN THE SUN WAS SHINING!

YOU NEVER DID DICK!



SOMETHING TELLS ME THIS IS ONE OF THE CLEVEREST STUNTS THE PENGUIN HAS THOUGHT UP YET! AND I'M GOING TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF IT!

LET'S INTERVIEW SOME OF THESE UMBRELLA-TOTERS!

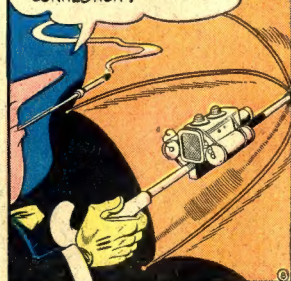


AND SO SHALL WE SEE IF WE GLANCE INTO THE WORKSHOP BEHIND THE UMBRELLA STORE, WHERE A PUDGY MAN HUMS HAPPILY AT HIS FAVORITE OCCUPATION...

TA-DA-DE-DA... THIS IS PERFECT! WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF BUYING AN UMBRELLA SHOP BEFORE? AS FOR MY IDEA OF GIVING AWAY SAMPLES TO CONFUSE THE BATMAN---IT'S SHEER GENIUS!

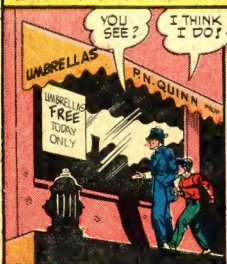


MERELY ONE OF MANY AMUSING AND USEFUL DEVICES I SHALL CREATE---A RADIO UMBRELLA TO DIRECT MY MEN IN THEIR OPERATIONS! THE RIBS ACT AS AN AERIAL, AND THE PERSON HOLDING IT PROVIDES THE GROUND CONNECTION!



AS IS THE CASE WITH MOST MYSTERIES, THE EXPLANATION IS SIMPLE ENOUGH WHEN TRACKED DOWN...

YOU SEE? I THINK I DO!



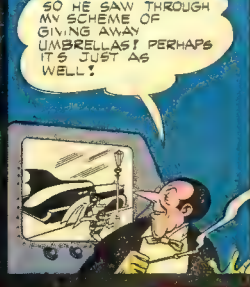
AS DARKNESS FALLS, A WEIRD VEHICLE GLIDES THROUGH THE QUIET STREETS...THE BATMOBILE!

THIS IS THE PLACE... ALL SET FOR SOME EXCITEMENT?

AND HOW!

A PERISCOPIC VISION DEVICE WARNS THE PENGUIN...

SO HE SAW THROUGH MY SCHEME OF GIVING AWAY UMBRELLAS! PERHAPS IT'S JUST AS WELL!



YOU'RE PRETTY GOOD AT PICKING THAT LOCK!

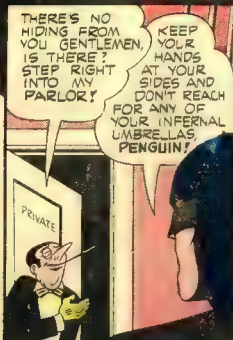
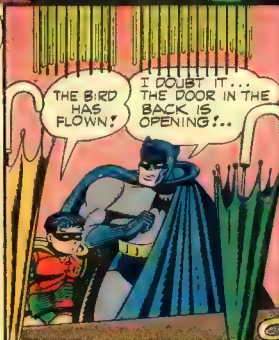
A MAN CAN'T CATCH CROOKS UNTIL HE HAS LEARNED ALL THEIR TRICKS!

THE BIRD HAS FLOWN!

I DOUBT IT... THE DOOR IN THE BACK IS OPENING!...

THERE'S NO HIDING FROM YOU GENTLEMEN, IS THERE? STEP RIGHT INTO MY PARLOR!

KEEP YOUR HANDS AT YOUR SIDES AND DON'T REACH FOR ANY OF YOUR INFERNAL UMBRELLAS, PENGUIN!

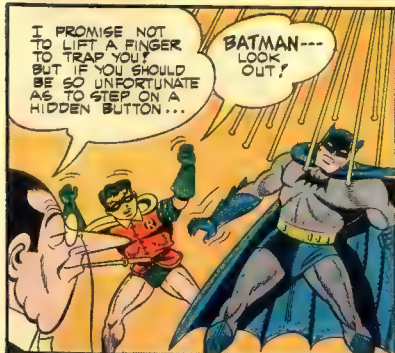


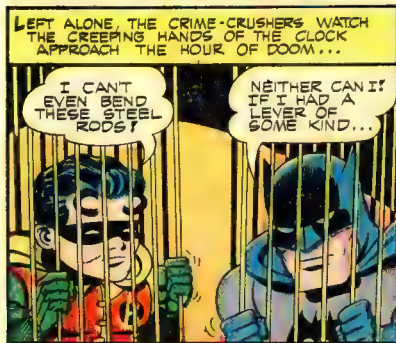
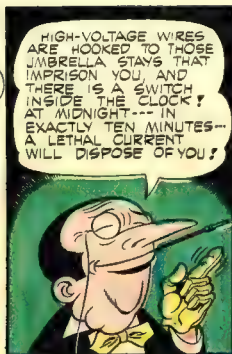
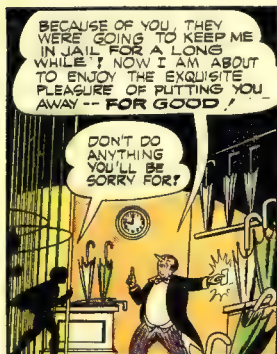
I PROMISE NOT TO LIFT A FINGER TO TRAP YOU! BUT IF YOU SHOULD BE SO UNFORTUNATE AS TO STEP ON A HIDDEN BUTTON...

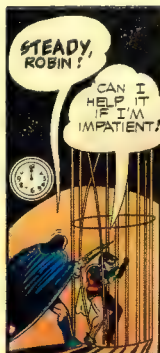
BATMAN--- LOOK OUT!

YOU SEE, YOU DID IT YOURSELVES! ONLY A BATMAN IN A GILDED CAGE!

THESE CAGES WON'T HOLD US LONG!

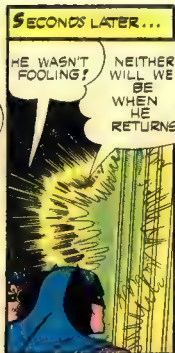






STEADY, ROBIN!

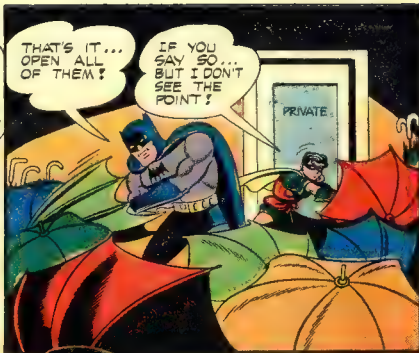
CAN I HELP IT IF I'M IMPATIENT!



SECONDS LATER...

HE WASN'T FOOLING!

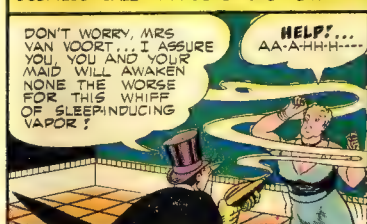
NEITHER WILL WE BE WHEN HE RETURNS!



THAT'S IT... OPEN ALL OF THEM!

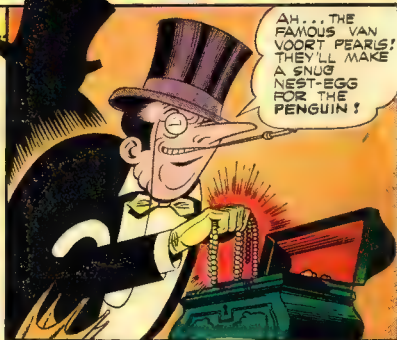
IF YOU SAY SO... BUT I DON'T SEE THE POINT!

MEANWHILE, THE PENGUIN IS MAKING A BUSINESS CALL AT A LUXURIOUS PENTHOUSE...



DON'T WORRY, MRS VAN VOORT... I ASSURE YOU, YOU AND YOUR MAID WILL AWAKEN NONE THE WORSE FOR THIS WHIFF OF SLEEPINDUCING VAPOR!

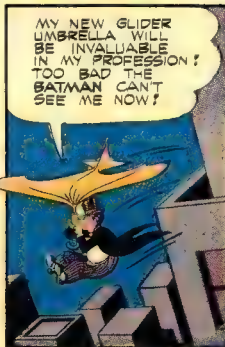
HELP!... AA-AHH-H----



AH... THE FAMOUS VAN VOORT PEARLS! THEY'LL MAKE A SNUG NEST-EGG FOR THE PENGUIN!



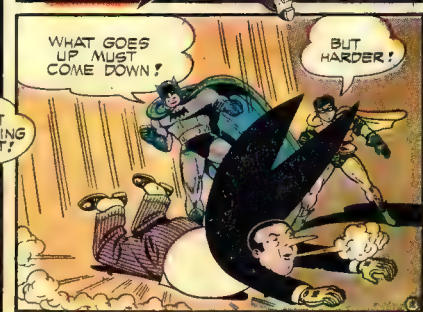
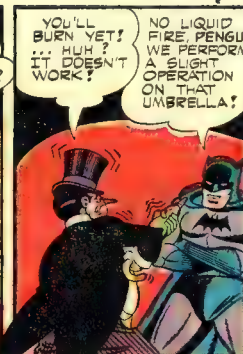
A THUNDERSTORM IS COMING UP! I'D BETTER HURRY!



MY NEW GLIDER UMBRELLA WILL BE INVALUABLE IN MY PROFESSION! TOO BAD THE BATMAN CAN'T SEE ME NOW!



A SUCCESSFUL TEST FLIGHT INDEED!... BUT I MUST HASTEN TO AVOID THE STORM!



THE PENGUIN MAKES A FINAL DESPERATE DASH FOR FREEDOM...

BY THE TIME YOU GET THIS DOOR OPEN, I'LL BE MILES AWAY!

WANT TO BET?

THIS WON'T TAKE LONG!

IT BETTER NOT... IT'S STARTING TO RAIN--- AND WE HAVEN'T AN UMBRELLA LEFT!

IN THE DARK STORE THE PENGUIN DISCOVERS THAT HIS BELOVED UMBRELLAS CAN BE TROUBLESOME...

WHAT? UMBRELLAS--- SCATTERED EVERYWHERE!

HEAVENS--- I NEVER DREAMED THEY COULD BE SUCH NUISANCES!

I CAN'T MOVE! I'M CAUGHT--- TRAPPED BY MY OWN UMBRELLAS!

TAKE THEM OFF! I NEVER WANT TO SEE THEM AGAIN!

HE SEEMS TO BE HAVING A LITTLE TROUBLE, ROBIN!

I KNOW A PLACE WHERE THEY'LL TAKE THEM OFF!

AND SO--- FOR THE PRESENT AT LEAST--- THE PENGUIN BECOMES A JAILBIRD--- AND ALL BECAUSE OF TWO PEOPLE'S BOREDOM...

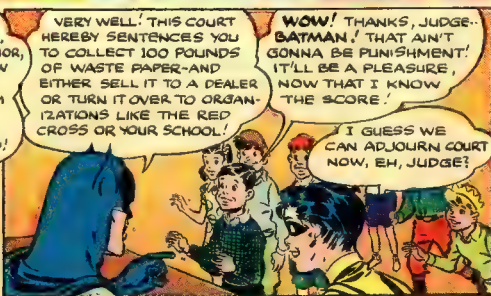
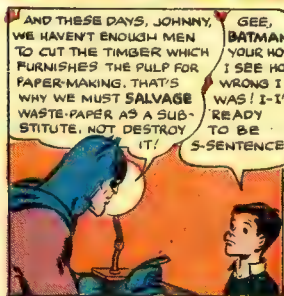
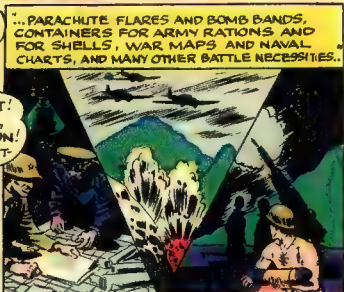
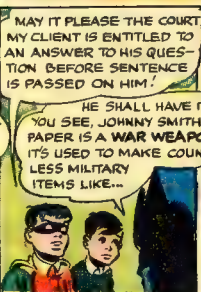
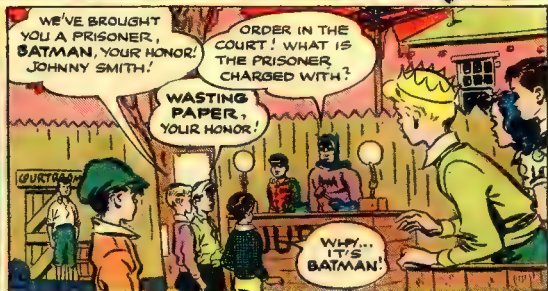
THE PENGUIN'S PLUMAGE SEEMS A BIT RUFFLED!

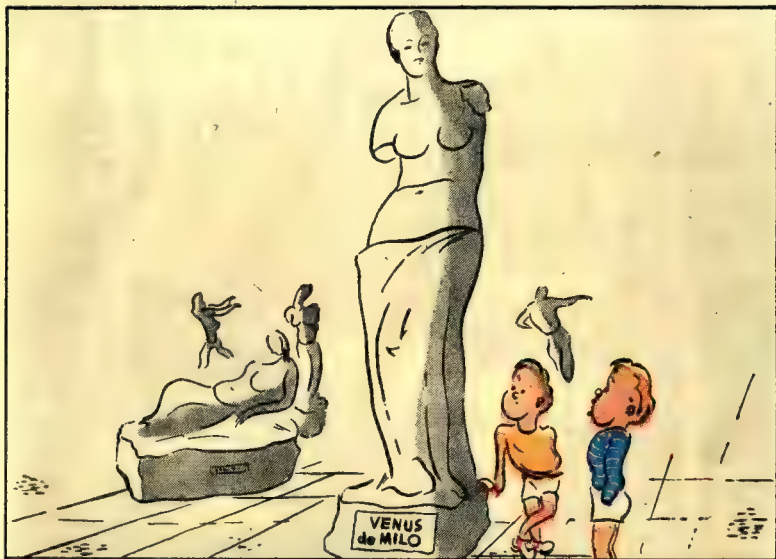
WITH ALL THOSE UMBRELLAS HE'S WEARING, YOU'D THINK HE COULD MANAGE TO KEEP DRY!

OH, DRY UP YOURSELF!

THE END

POLICE STATION





"A guide tol' me she lost 'em in a Athens boarding house—reaching for a second bowl of Wheaties."

TODAY, FORTUNATELY, WHEATIES AREN'T SO SCARCE. YOU DON'T RISK LIFE AND LIMB REACHING FOR A SECOND BOWLFUL. AND A SECOND BOWLFUL IS WHAT YOU'LL PROBABLY WANT, ONCE YOU GET NEXT TO THAT GRAND "SECOND HELPING" FLAVOR. GOOD WHOLE GRAIN NOURISHMENT, TOO... ONE MORE REASON WHY WHEATIES ARE FAMOUS AS

A "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."

HEY, LOOK! SPECIAL OFFER GOOD ONLY WHILE OUR LIMITED SUPPLIES LAST. GET HANDSOME MECHANICAL PENCIL SHAPED LIKE BIG LEAGUE BASEBALL BAT... STREAMLINE CURVED TO FIT YOUR FINGERS SEND 10¢ AND ONE WHEATIES BOX TOP TO GENERAL MILLS, INC., DEPT. 588, MINNEAPOLIS 15, MINN. AND SEND TODAY!



"Breakfast of **Champions**"
WITH MILK AND FRUIT

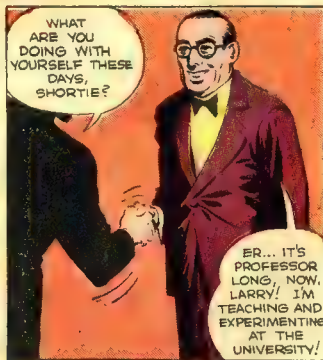
"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of GENERAL MILLS, INC.

AIR WAVE

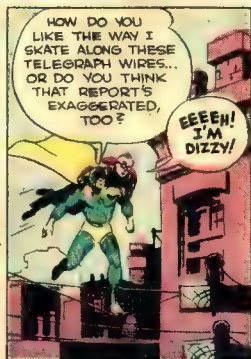
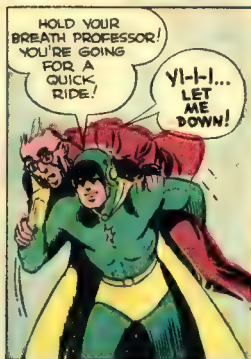
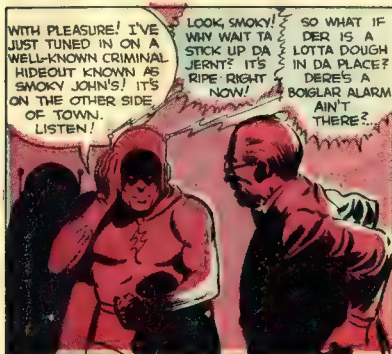
CAN YOU IMAGINE SOME ONE WHO BELIEVES THAT *Air Wave's* POWERS ARE OVER-RATED? CAN YOU PICTURE A SKEPTIC WHO SCOFFS AT THE MAGICIAN OF RADIO'S SKILL? MEET THE GENTLEMAN YOURSELF AND IMAGINE, IF YOU CAN, WHAT HAPPENS WHEN...

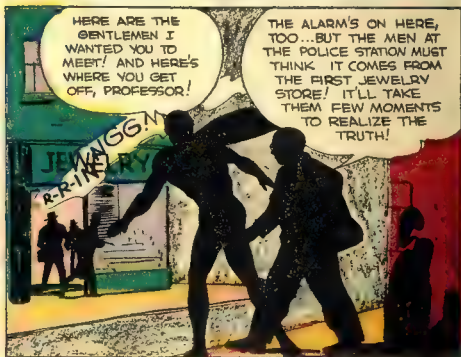
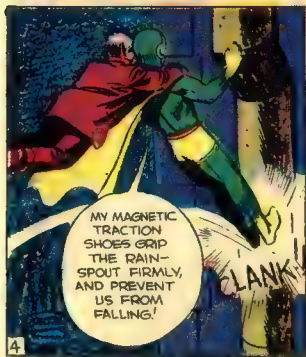
PROFESSOR LONG SELLS AIR WAVE SHORT!

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!











BUT AS THE MAGICIAN OF RADIO IS ABOUT TO PUT THE FINISHING TOUCHES TO A MASTERPIECE OF CRIME-CRUSHING...

HEY, LOOK... WHILE WE BEEN WASTIN' OUR TIME AT THE OTHER PLACE... *Air Wave* FOUND THE CROOKS!



STOP THAT, RILEY! YOU MIGHT HIT AN INNOCENT VICTIM!



BUT THE DAMAGE IS ALREADY DONE! STUNNED BY A RICOCHETING BULLET FROM THE ROOKIE COP'S GUN THE WIZARD OF WIRELESS LIES MOTIONLESS!

STEP ON IT, BLANCO! WE GET A START ON DEM COPS... AN' WE WANNA KEEP IT!

Air Wave ARE YOU HURT?

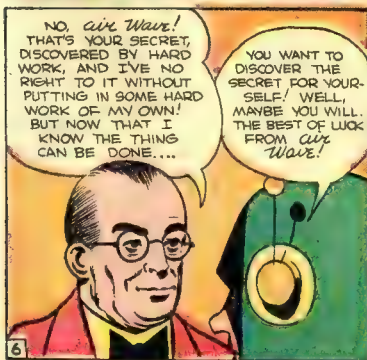
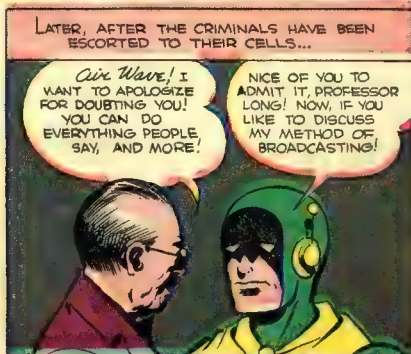
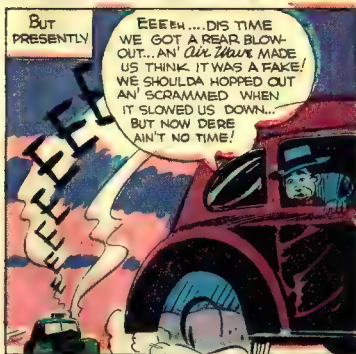
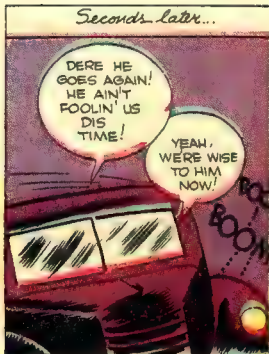


PRESENTLY AS *Air Wave* REVIVES...



I WON'T HAVE TO FOLLOW! FORTUNATELY, I NOTICED THAT THEIR CAR HAD ONE WEAK TIRE... THAT'S ALL I NEED TO KNOW!





'THREE RING' BINKO

GRADE A TALENT SCOUT
AND BOOKING AGENT DELUXE
FOR ANY, ALL AND SUNDRY
CIRCUS HEADLINE ATTRACTIONS.

I'M "THREE-ALARM"
ASBESTOS ALLEN, CHUM, THE
GREATEST PROFESSIONAL
FIRE-EATER IN THIS OR ANY
OTHER SHOW BUSINESS—
WHAT'S COOKIN' WITH
CHANCES OF SIGNING ME
UP WITH A CONTRACT FOR
THE REST OF MY LIFE?

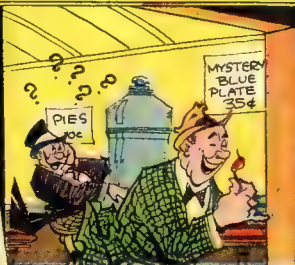
SO YOU THINK YOU'RE
A FIRE-EATIN' HEADLINER
EH, SON?—WELL, JUST
SWALLOW YOUR SMOKE—
PIN BACK YOUR EARS AND
PULL UP A CHAIR, WHILE I
TELL YOU ABOUT "BLAZIN'
BRODY"—A FIRE-EATER
THAT REALLY LOVED
HIS ART—LISTEN!

"THUTTY ODD YEARS AGO I WAS HOP-
SKIP AND JUMPING AROUND THE COUNTRY
WITH A ONE-CYLINDER CARNIVAL SHOW—
ONE NIGHT, IN A SMALL TOWN I STEPPED
INTO A LUNCH WAGON FOR A QUICK SNACK."

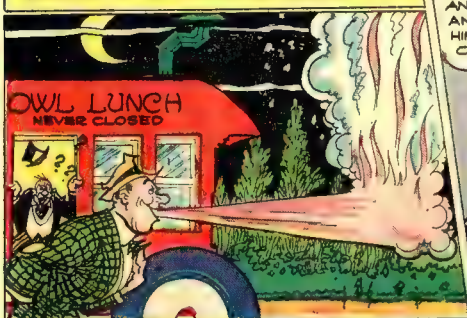
--WELL, BELIEVE IT OR RIPLEY, HE ATE
THAT ENTIRE BOX OF MATCHES, TOOK A
FEW SIPS OF THE OIL, PAID HIS CHECK,
THEN LIT THE LAST MATCH, AND SWAL-
LOWING IT, WALKED OUT--IN ---"

THEM KIDNEY PIES WAS
"TOPS" MAC—NOW JUST
GIVE ME A BIG BOX OF
MATCHES AND SOME SALAD
OIL, **FOR DESSERT!**

OKAY,
"BLAZIN'!"



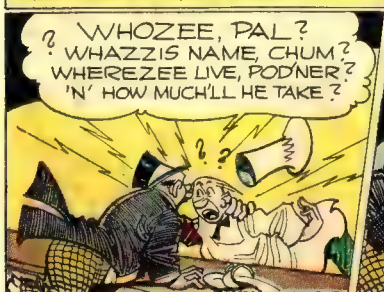
"-- IN A BLAZE, - AND WHAT I MEAN, A
'BLAZE' OF ILLUMINATED GLORY!"



AIN'T HE A CARD, PAL?-- HE ALLUS
DOES IT, THOUGH,-- Y'SEE WE HAVENT
ANY STREET LIGHTS HERE IN TOWN,
AND BESIDES, HE CLAIMS IT KEEPS
HIM SNUG WARM GOIN' HOME ON
COLD DARK NIGHTS LIKE THIS."



"**PHEW!** BOY, DID I BREAK RIGHT
OUT WITH A PERSPIRATION OF HOT
QUESTIONS - **AND HOW!!**"



? WHOZEE, PAL?
? WHAZZIS NAME, CHUM?
? WHEREZEE LIVE, POD'NER?
? 'N' HOW MUCH'LL HE TAKE?

"-- GETTING ALL THE DETAILS--HE WAS
KNOWN AS **'BLAZING' BRODY**, AND
HE WAS FIRE CHIEF OF THE TOWN,--
HOT-FOOTED RIGHT OUT AFTER HIM--"



BEST FIRE CHIEF WE
EVER DID HAVE, SON,--HE
NEVER PUTS A BLAZE OUT,
HE JUST **EATS 'EM OUT!!**
HEH-HEH-HEH!"

"-- I FINALLY CAUGHT UP WITH HIM DOWN
IN HIS OWN HOME CELLAR--AND LOST
NO TIME PINNING A CONTRACT ON HIM!"



I ALLUS COME DOWN HERE
JUST BEFORE TURNIN' IN, CHUM,
FOR A MIDNIGHT BITE,-- SURE
I'LL SIGN UP!!

"HE IMMEDIATELY BECAME THE
SEVEN DAY WONDER OF
THE ENTIRE CIRCUS CIRCUIT--"



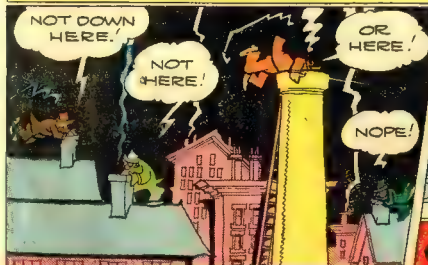
SORRY, FOLKS!
PACKED HOUSE -
SEE THE NEXT SHOW!
COMPLETE SELL OUT.

AMAZING!
BLAZIN' BRODY
THE
FIRE-EATER
SUPER
ADDED
ATTRACTION

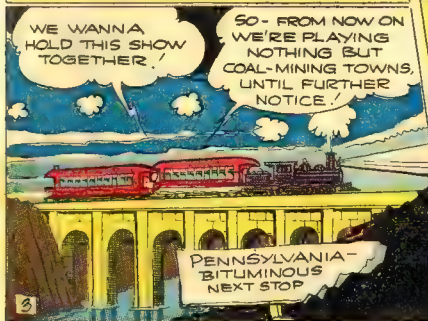
"SON,-- THINGS WENT ALONG AS SMOOTH AS NYLON FOR THE WHOLE FIRST MONTH,-- ALL WE HAD TO DO WAS TO KEEP HIM CONSTANTLY WELL 'STOKED' AND THE BIG FOLDING MONEY JUST POURED IN,-- "



"WELL, SIR, FOR FOUR NIGHTS AND DAYS OUR ENTIRE CARNIVAL CREW, (WE TEMPORARILY HAD TO FOLD UP THE SHOW) HUNTED HIGH AND LOW FOR HIM.!



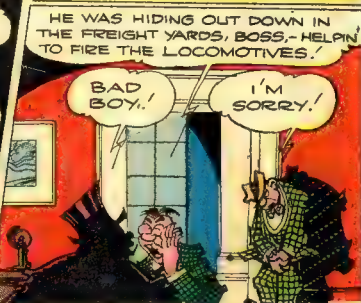
"WE MANAGED FOR A SHORT WHILE TO SCRAPB ENOUGH FUEL TOGETHER TO KEEP HIM UP TO THE PROPER FAHRENHEIT,-- BUT FINALLY DECIDED THAT---"



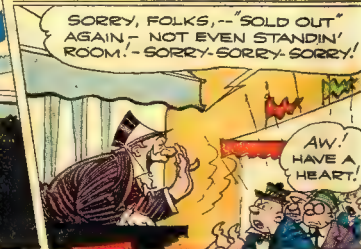
"-- THEN IT HAPPENED!! "



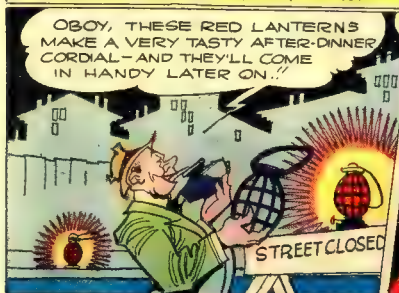
"-- BUT WE FINALLY FOUND HIM-- AND- WHERE DO YOU THINK?"



"--THAT AREA WAS CERTAINLY 'DUCK SOUP' FOR 'BLAZIN' BRODY, AND OUR BOX OFFICE ZOOMED RIGHT SMACK BACK INTO THE 'BIG MONEY' AGAIN,-- ON HIGH!!



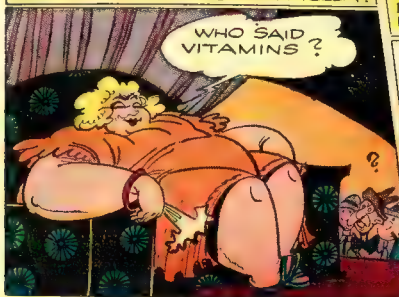
"NEXT 'BLAZING' BRODY STARTED ON A SESSION OF OVER-EATING--NOTHING INFLAMMABLE WITHIN A MILE OF THE CIRCUS WAS SAFE-IT PUZZLED US AT FIRST--BUT WE SOON LEARNED WHY, TO OUR SORROW."



"-- THEN, SUDDENLY, AFTER A FEW MONTHS OF MOUNTING SUCCESS, WE NOTICED A DEFINITE CHANGE TAKING PLACE IN HIS APPEARANCE-- HE STARTED GOING 'ALL-OUT' FOR FANCY DUDS."



"-- AT FIRST WE WONDERED IF IT MIGHT BE THE RESULT OF AN OVERWEIGHT CRUSH ON OUR 'TWO-TON' TESS FROM TULSA?"



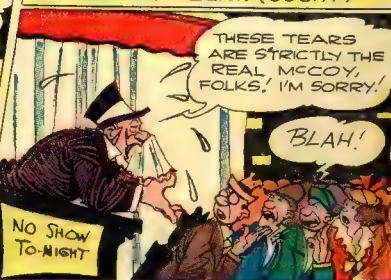
".. WE SOON DISMISSED THAT NOTION HOWEVER WHEN WE SECRETLY LEARNED THAT IN PRIVATE LIFE SHE WAS ALREADY THE BRIDE OF 'SLIM' SHADDER-- OUR 62 POUND PRINCE OF PICAYUNE PULCHRITUDE."



"--'BLAZIN' BRODY WAS SOON TOSSING MONEY AROUND LIKE HOLIDAY CONFETTI HOWEVER, AND IT HAD US PUZZLED--NO END."



-- AND SOON HE BEGAN MISSING SHOWS,-- WITHOUT GIVING NOTICE-- WE HAD TO REFUND THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS A WEEK.!! (OUCH!!)



"-- THEN, LIKE A BOLT FROM THE BLUE, WE SUDDENLY LEARNED THE WHOLE STARK STARTLING TRUTH!-- WE WERE RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF ONE OF THE SEVEREST WINTERS ON RECORD JUST AT THAT TIME, AND 'BLAZIN' BRODY, THE TWO-FACED SCAMP, WAS RENTING HIMSELF OUT AT CEILING PRICES-- TO HEAT HOUSES, ALL OVER TOWN!! (THAT'S WHY HE'D BEEN OVER-EATING!)"

#10 IF YOU HEAT MY FURNACE NEXT, BRODY.

\$15!

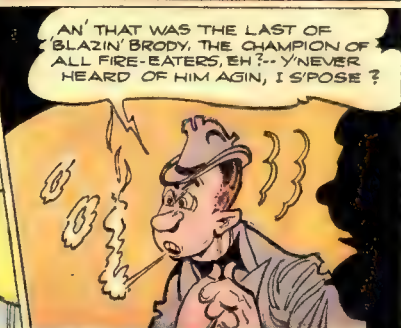
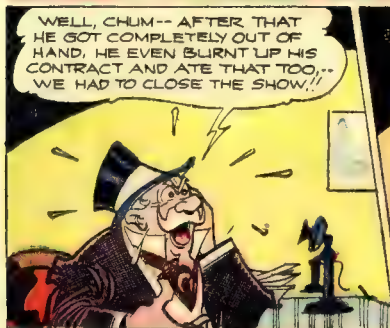
ONE AT A TIME, FOLKS-- WHO'S NEXT? ONE AT A TIME!

\$12.50!



WELL, CHUM-- AFTER THAT HE GOT COMPLETELY OUT OF HAND, HE EVEN BURNT UP HIS CONTRACT AND ATE THAT TOO-- WE HAD TO CLOSE THE SHOW!!

AN' THAT WAS THE LAST OF 'BLAZIN' BRODY, THE CHAMPION OF ALL FIRE-EATERS, EH?-- Y'NEVER HEARD OF HIM AGIN, I S'POSE ?



OH YES!-- JUST ONCE! LAST I HEARD OF HIM HE HAD SIGNED UP WITH ONE OF THE BIGGEST FIRE-INSURANCE CORPORATIONS IN THE WORLD, AND WAS SAVING THEM MILLIONS EVERY YEAR BY 'EATING OUT' BLAZES ALL OVER THE COUNTRY!-- HEY!-- WHERE Y'HEADIN' ?

ME?-- BROTHER, FIRST I'M GONNA TURN A HOSE ON M' SELF-- THEN LOOK FOR ANOTHER JOB!!





Baby Ruth candy makes delicious cookies



IF HE'S IN AMERICA
SEND A BOX TO
THE BOY IN CAMP

RECIPE ON EVERY WRAPPER



CURTISS CANDY COMPANY • Producers of Fine Foods • CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

THE CRIMSON AVENGER

MUSIC HATH CHARMS TO SOOTHE THE SAVAGE BREAST, --- AND THE CRIMSON AVENGER BELIEVES THAT WISE SAYING UNTIL A MUSICAL BOX COMES INTO HIS POSSESSION! FOR WHAT HAPPENS AFTER THAT IS ANYTHING BUT SOOTHING... SINCE THE LITTLE BOX FROM CHINA PLAYS A TUNE OF CRIME AND ADVENTURE THAT MAY WELL BE CALLED A...
"SMUGGLERS' SONG!"



SHIPS, CARGO, BAGGAGE -- EVERYTHING IS CAREFULLY SEARCHED BY ALERT CUSTOMS GUARDS!

I GUESS WE'VE STOPPED THE SMUGGLERS THIS TIME! NOTHING CAN SLIP PAST US!

IT'S A CINCINCH THERE'S NOTHING ON THIS SHIP!



YET, SEVERAL DAYS LATER...

EXTRA! EXTRA!

SMUGGLED DIAMONDS FLOOD COUNTRY AGAIN!



MEANWHILE, IN THE OFFICE OF LEE TRAVIS, EDITOR OF THE GLOBE LEADER...

WELL, THE FINAL EDITION IS ON THE PRESS! GUESS WE'LL GO HOME NOW!

CORRECTION, PLEASE! TONIGHT WE GO TO MY UNCLE WING LING'S SHOP!

I REMEMBER NOW-- I TOLD YOU TO REMIND ME WHEN YOUR UNCLE GETS A NEW SHIPMENT OF ANTIQUES FROM CHINA...

NEW SHIPMENT COME IN TODAY! VELLY NICE THINGS-- VELLY GOOD BARGAINS!

PRESENTLY...

LOOK AT THAT STATUE! WHO'D BE CRAZY ENOUGH TO BUY THAT?

TAKE ALL KINDS OF PEOPLE TO MAKE WORLD!

LOOKS LIKE WING'S RIGHT...!

I'LL BUY THAT STATUE!

WELL, SO THERE IS SOMEONE WHO WANTS THAT MONSTROSITY! VELLY GOOD!

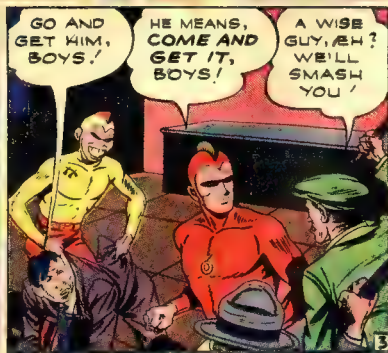
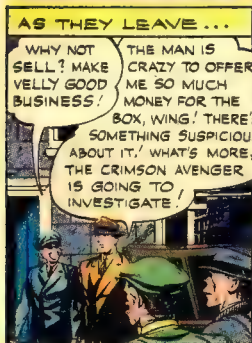
HMMM... I LIKE THIS LITTLE MUSIC BOX! I'LL BUY IT!

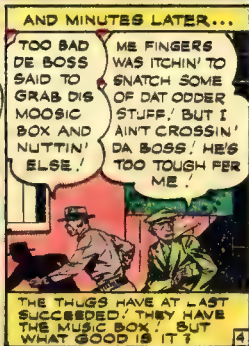
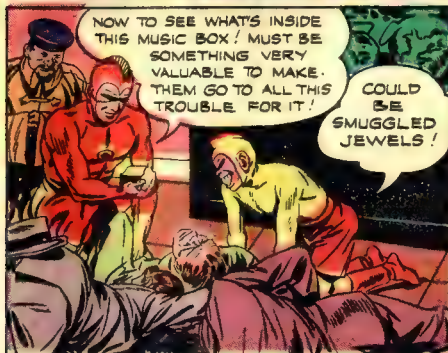
VELLY SIMPLE LITTLE BOX-- VELLY PLETTY TOO... ONLY \$25...

BUT AT THAT MOMENT...!

WAIT A MINUTE! I WANT THAT MUSIC BOX!

SOLLY! MIST' TLAVIS JUST BUY IT!





LOOK THERE! THE CRIMSON AVENGER MUST HAVE EXPECTED ANOTHER ATTEMPT AT GETTING THE MUSIC BOX!

YOU GUESS LIGHT! THERE THEY GO!

AND HERE WE GO!

THEY'LL LEAD US TO THE ANSWER TO THIS MYSTERY!

THEY WENT INTO THIS WAREHOUSE! WE'LL HAVE A LOOK THROUGH THAT SKY-LIGHT FIRST...

THEN WE CLEAN UP CLOCKS!

GOOD! THE KEY TO MY COLLECTION!

WE GOT IT, BOSS!

THIS WILL OPEN THE STATUE AND WE CAN GET OUR HAUL OF JEWELS! THEM DUMB CUSTOM GUARDS WILL NEVER GET WISE TO OUR RACKET!

YEH, BOSS! YOU SURE GOT A BRAIN!

TING LING DING

AS THE MUSIC BOX PLAYS, THERE IS A RUMBLE OF GEARS, AND...

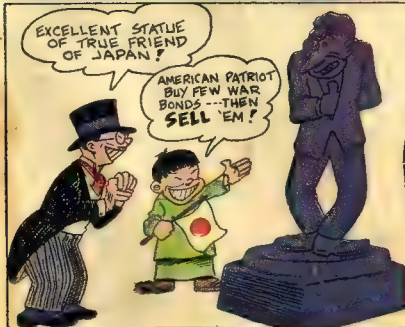
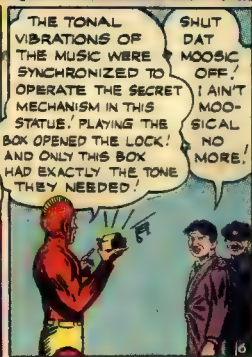
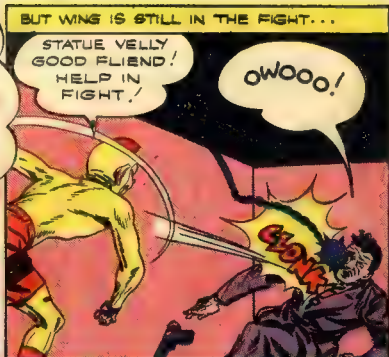
SO THAT'S HOW THE SMUGGLERS GET THEIR GOODS THROUGH THE CUSTOM GUARDS! NO WONDER THEY WERE SO SUCCESSFUL!

LOOK! MUSIC BOX IS MAGIC! BOTTOM OF STATUE OPENS!

SUDDENLY, THE SMUGGLERS GET THE SURPRISE OF THEIR LIVES!

WE ENJOYED THE MUSIC SO MUCH WE THOUGHT WE'D DROP IN ON YOU!

STOP THEM! THEY'RE WISE TO OUR RACKET!



SLAM BRADLEY

NOW WHAT WOULD GANGSTERS BE DOING IN SCHOOL, YOU ASK? WELL, THAT'S WHAT SLAM BRADLEY AND SHORTY MORGAN THOSE TWO HAPPY-GO-LUCKY DETECTIVES WANT TO KNOW--AND THEY'RE IN FOR QUITE A SURPRISE WHEN IT TURNS OUT THAT THE LITTLE RED SCHOOL HOUSE ISN'T WHAT IT USED TO BE, WITH THE THREE RS TRANSFORMED INTO ROGUES, REPROBATES AND RAPSCALLIONS.

TUITION FREE!!

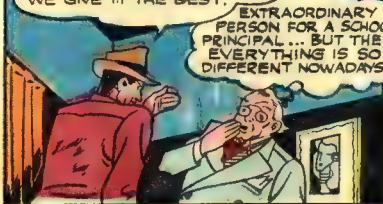


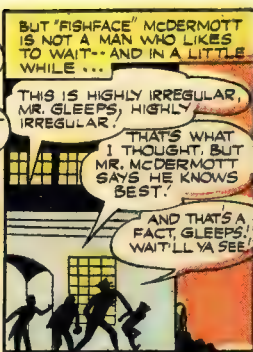
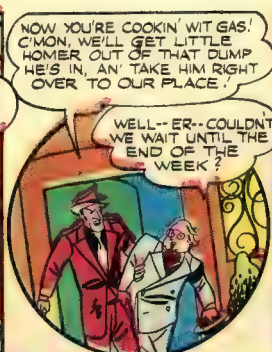
THE HOME OF PHINEAS GLEEPS, WEALTHY BANKER...

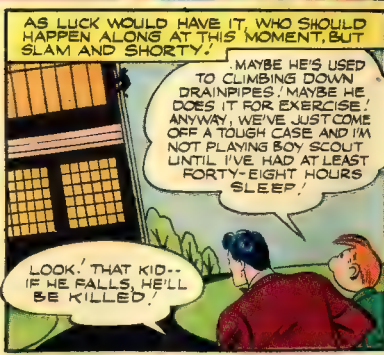
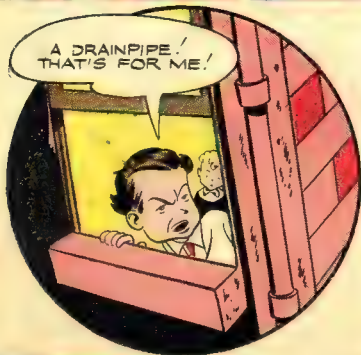
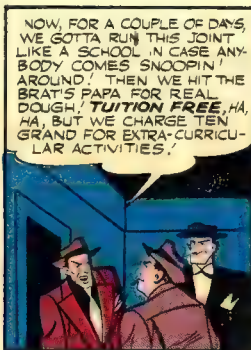
YES, SIR, MR. GLEEPS... THERE'S A BRAND NEW ADMINISTRATION AT THE COLE SCHOOL-- AND I DON'T MIND TELLIN' YA IT'S A IMPROVEMENT! WHEN ME AND MY BOYS TAKE OVER A RACKET... ER... I MEAN AN INSTITUTION, WE GIVE IT THE BEST!

EXTRAORDINARY PERSON FOR A SCHOOL PRINCIPAL... BUT THEN, EVERYTHING IS SO DIFFERENT NOWADAYS!

AN' IF THAT AIN'T ENOUGH INDUCEMENT, THE TUITION IS **FREE**! ON ACCOUNT OF WHAT WE'RE EXPERIMENTIN' WIT' NEW METHODS OF TEACHIN'!







AND INSIDE THE SCHOOL ...

WHERE'S THAT
GLEEPS KID?

WE DON'T
KNOW,
TEACHER.

THE
WINDOW!
WHO OPENED
THAT?

COME BACK HERE,
YOU-- OR I'LL TEAR
YOU APART!

GO FLY
A KITE.

IN A FURY, FISHFACE
MCDERMOTT RUSHES TO
THE FLOOR BELOW!

THOUGHT YOU'D
OUTSMART ME,
DIDN'T YUH,
BRAT!

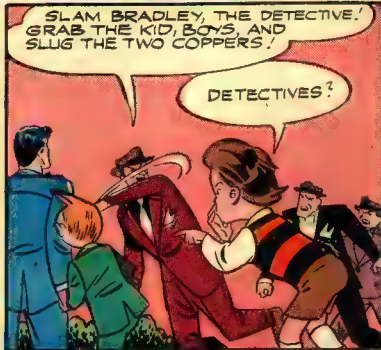
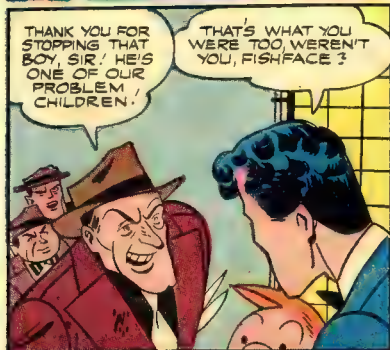
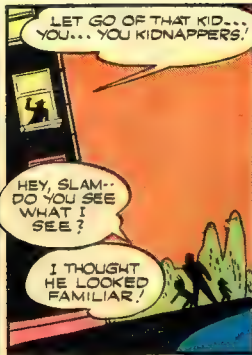
I'D LIKE TO
SEE YOU
CATCH ME!

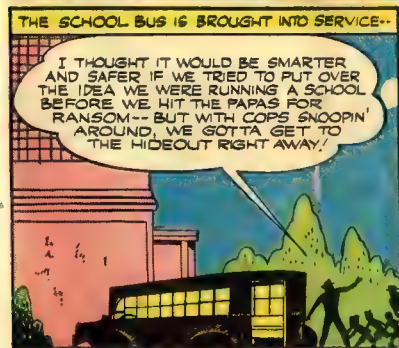
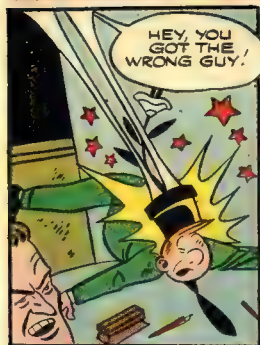
SOMETHING FAMILIAR
ABOUT THAT GUY...
AND HE DOESN'T
EXACTLY TALK
LIKE A
PROFESSOR!

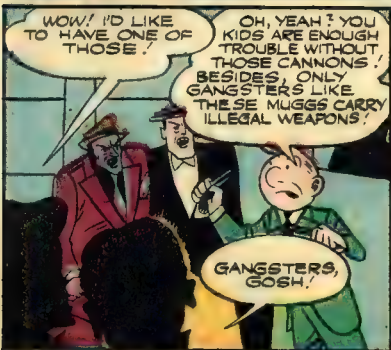
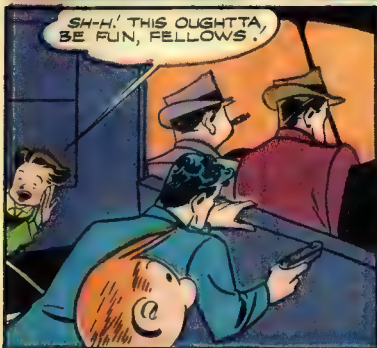
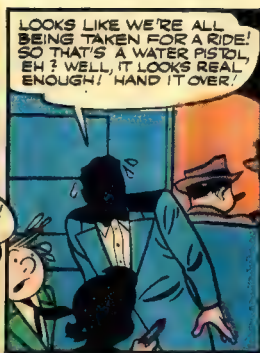
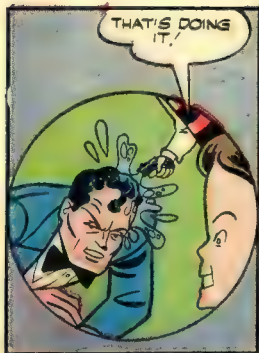
COME IN HERE,
YOU...

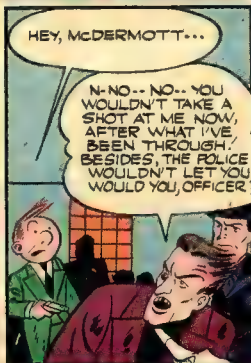
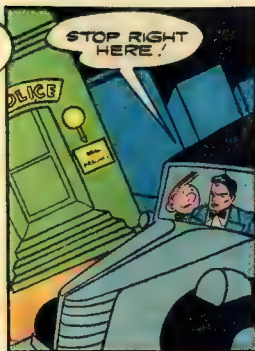
LOOK OUT,
YOU LITTLE SAP!

OH... I
CAN'T LOOK!









LOOK FOR THIS TRADEMARK!

YOUR GUARANTEE OF THE BEST IN COMIC MAGAZINES!

HAPPY GOES LUCKY

by Art Watkins

MARINE Private First Class Erwin Washington Sanders was big and homely, but that homeliness was the kind all us guys cottoned to right away. Here, we said, is a guy who was built for laughs. No, not the practical joke kind of laugh, but good, American laughter. Erwin Sanders was just made to be good-natured. You'd always find Erwin around dispensing cheer. He was a friend to the world, and he figured the world was his friend, too.

And that's how he managed to get that Distinguished Service Cross, too. You know, the one you saw him wearing in the colored roto section. But we're getting way ahead of our story. We ought to start at boot camp, down in Parris Island.

Every Marine will tell you those first few months down at Parris Island are tough. But he wouldn't swap 'em for anything, not unless it happened to be an extra crack at the Japs. And speaking of cracking brings us to the thing that can happen to lots of boys who are getting that gruelling training down there. Some of these fellows feel that they're going to crack up. However, very few of them do, because when a guy goes into the Marines it means he's got the guts to take it. That's what the Corps knows when it signs 'em on, and that's why they're so particular. They know the new boot can take it, and they're going to teach him to dish it out.

Still, there can be a time (and don't say it didn't happen to you!) when a feller feels he wishes the folks were around. This happens in that one glum

moment when it looks as though human endurance can't take it any longer. Then, all of a sudden, the soldier gets his second wind, or a pal comes along and says, "Buck up, soldier. This is the Marines," and everything's fine again. Erwin was like that latter guy.

He'd look around and see someone looking worried. First thing you know, that big, homely face would break into a grin and out would come a silly crack, something nobody else but Erwin would think of saying. One of his favorite come-backs was, "Tough sledding, eh pal?" And when the down-in-the-mouth boot would nod dourly, Erwin would roar, slap him on the back and yell, "No wonder. No snow. This is the South."

Funny? Maybe not to you, but it always struck the dejected soldier as funny and before long he was out of his doldrums and in there battling, getting training that would save his life in battle, and save his country, too.

So it wasn't long before Erwin was dubbed, Happy. And Happy it stayed, all through Boot Camp, and then into Quantico, to which Erwin was assigned for a while.

"That's the only thing'll save the world," he informed the boys time-and-again. "Laughter. Be friendly with everyone."

"How about those Japs?" the boys would kid him along. "You gonna be friendly with them, too."

A hurt look would appear on Happy's face and those big hams he called hands would knot up. "You don't get friendly

with people who are barbarians and uncivilized," he would answer. "You boys must not forget they stabbed us in the back."

He really felt very strongly on that subject, did Happy. And outside of giving that usual speech, particularly to the new boys who always tried to kid him (until they learned better), he kept his feelings pretty much to himself. Only a few people knew that his sister had been a nurse on Bataan. Part of his job was to avenge her.

He got his chance, too. And there were a lot of rip-roaring, Hades-bent-for-murder Marines right alongside him when he did it on Guadalcanal. That was one show the boys put on that will live forever in history. And it was no one man show, as everybody knows. It was a perfect Marine team working with signals clicking perfectly. Those boys did such a wonderful job that Happy didn't have a chance for his usual jests. He was too busy.

Naturally, everytime there was a breather, he'd be right there with a quip, though. You could always tell Happy's fox-hole because it was from there that the booming laughter, like the 75's sounded.

Maybe it was that laugh that got Happy picked out that memorable morning. The Sarge came over and said, "Report to the Captain, Happy. There's some work for you to do."

Happy grinned and rolled over. On Guadalcanal a guy could be assured of action. They don't have 'K.P. in combat areas, no sir. Not when combat is continuous. The boys had

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Catholic Youth Organization

been on the island a month now and, as Happy remarked, "A good time is being had by all—except the Japs."

The Captain was looking over some maps as Happy came up, and reported.

"Oh, Sanders. Yes. I have something for you." He unrolled a map from under his arm, pointed at it with a blood-stained finger. "Your job is to go forward to Village X and direct military traffic through there," the Captain explained. "We took the town yesterday."

Military traffic? The words sounded hollowly against Happy's ample ears. Sissy stuff!

"Something bothering you, Sanders?" The Captain looked at Happy sharply.

Happy grinned. "No, Sir. I'll start at once, Sir. Thank you, Sir."

He didn't bother telling the boys. In full pack, he moved through the dense jungle, and on toward the village. It was tough going, very slow. On the way, he wondered for a moment which of the Marines on the island had taken the village, but allowed the thought to stray away without any great deliberation. It was a pleasure being able to move through this part of the jungle and not worry about Jap snipers. It wouldn't be long before the Marines rolled the little yellow bellies right into the sea. If any of 'em lived to reach there.

The jungle suddenly parted, and, through the clearing, Happy saw the village. It wasn't much, a group of native huts,

and a compound an Australian trader had once used.

The village seemed empty, except for the bodies of a few dead Jap soldiers. Shells were whining overhead and landing pretty close. Nevertheless, Happy took up his post as directed. There was no traffic, nothing except those whining shells, and Happy was getting pretty bored.

Suddenly, his face lit up as he saw a group of natives. They were standing at the edge of the jungle, gesticulating wildly to him. Happy grinned back, and waved at the natives. "Come on over," he yelled. He picked a bar of chocolate out of his pack and waved it. "Come on over and talk." He was very happy now. At least, he'd have some friendly people to keep him company, and he wouldn't mind those screaming shells so much.

As he thought of the shells, another idea hit him. Goah, no wonder they didn't want to come over. They were afraid of the American's shelling. Happy yelled again, then pointed up to the sky with his Garand, indicating, by sign language that the shells wouldn't hit where he was standing. "Come on over," he said. "Come on—"

And then, just like that, he realized that those natives weren't laughing. Their faces were deadly serious and they were pointing toward the Australian's compound. Happy saw the Jap sniper just in time, caught the sunlight on the barrel of the .25 calibre rifle. He dropped to the ground. Bullets sprayed all around him, as

he inched forward, pulling a grenade from his pocket. Then he heaved it. With a roar, the compound blew up.

Happy just sat there, staring. The natives, their fear gone now, rushed over to him. One of them grabbed the chocolate bar, and then they all started fighting for it, forgetting Happy completely.

He didn't mind. He was feeling too good. "Those Japs must have sneaked in," he told himself, "and were setting booby traps." He got to his feet, and because his back was turned, he didn't at first, see the Marines who poured out from the jungle behind him.

It wasn't until their commander, a surprised look on his face, barked: "What in the dickens are you doing here, soldier?" that Happy snapped out of it.

"I am here to direct traffic, Sir," Happy answered. "I also managed to blow up a few Jap sappers who must have sneaked back. We took this village yesterday, Sir."

The commander blinked. He was a new officer to Happy. "Sure," the commander said, "but last night the Japs took it back again and we are just coming in to retake it." He waved his hand aloft. "Those are their shells!"

Happy couldn't help laughing. It was very funny to him. Incidentally, he was still grinning when they pinned the DSC on him a few weeks later. You probably noticed the grin in the pictures.

The BOY COMMANDOS

in "KING BROOKLYN
The FOIST!"

ORDER OF THE DAY:

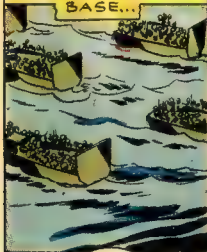
To all ships at
sea and all planes
in the sky: our pal,
Brooklyn, was
today washed over
board and lost as
we returned from
a successful
mission. Keep a
sharp lookout!

Rip Carter
CAPTAIN

"UNEASY LIES THE HEAD
THAT WEARS A CROWN..."
SHAKESPEARE SAID
THAT LONG AGO. THREE
CENTURIES OR SO LATER,
STORM AND STRIFE CON-
SPIRE TO PROVE THIS
MAXIM ALL OVER AGAIN!
AND WHO SHOULD BE
THE SUBJECT OF THE
TEST, THE EXEMPLAR OF
THE GREAT POET'S PRO-
FUNDITY, BUT THAT
BRAWLER OF THE BATTLE-
MENTS, THAT CATAMOUNT
OF THE COMMANDOS,
THAT TEMPESTUOUS TYKE
OF THE TENEMENTS ---
YOU GUESSED IT---!
BROOKLYN.

by JOE SIMON and JACK KIRBY

RETURNING FROM A SUCCESSFUL RAID, A FLOTILLA OF BARGES AND SMALL BOATS BATTLE HEAVY SEAS TO REACH THEIR TEMPORARY COMMANDO BASE...



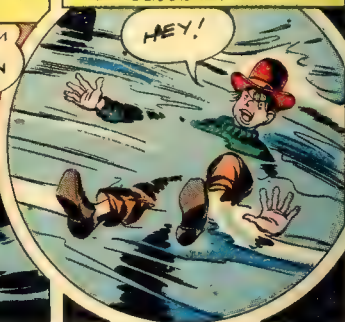
AT THE STERN OF ONE OF THE VESSELS STANDS A FAMILIAR FIGURE...

BOY, LOOK AT DEM WAVES! I BET DEY COULD PICK UP A MAN JUST LIKE A FEATHER!



STRANGE, PROPHETIC WORDS, FOR SUDDENLY...

HEY!

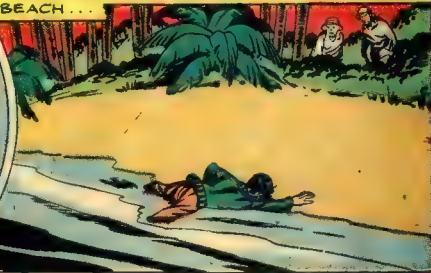


HELP!

DIS IS A FINE MESS! DEY CAN'T HEAR ME!



AFTER HOURS OF BUFFETING, THE WAVES WASH A HALF-DROWNED BROOKLYN UP ON A SMALL BEACH...



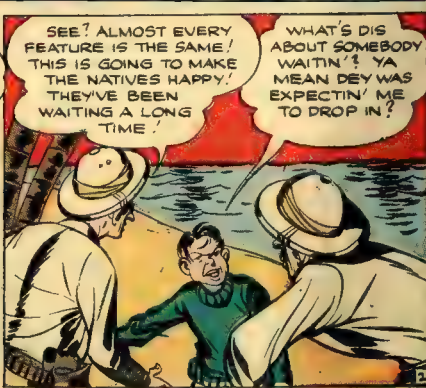
WHERE'D DAT GUY COME FROM? WANT I SHOULD SLUG HIM BEFORE HE GETS NOSEY, ACE?

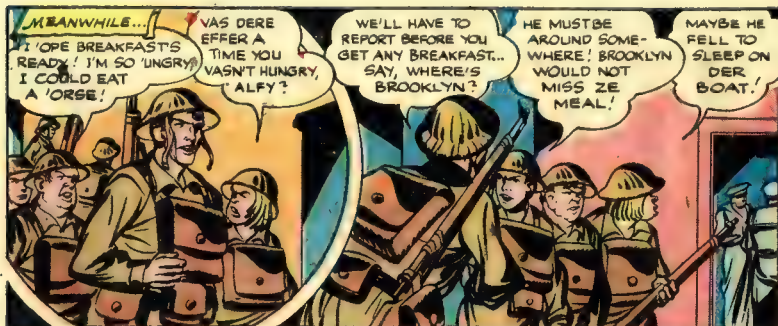
HOLD IT, SLUG! WE CAN USE THIS KID MAYBE! HE RESEMBLES... YOU KNOW WHO!



SEE? ALMOST EVERY FEATURE IS THE SAME! THIS IS GOING TO MAKE THE NATIVES HAPPY! THEY'VE BEEN WAITING A LONG TIME!

WHAT'S DIS ABOUT SOMEBODY WAITIN'? YA MEAN DEY WAS EXPECTIN' ME TO DROP IN?





MEANWHILE...

I OPE BREAKFAST'S
READY! I'M SO 'UNGRY!
I COULD EAT
A 'ORSE!

VAS DERE
EFFER A
TIME YOU
VASN'T HUNGRY,
'ALFY?

WE'LL HAVE TO
REPORT BEFORE YOU
GET ANY BREAKFAST...
SAY, WHERE'S
BROOKLYN?

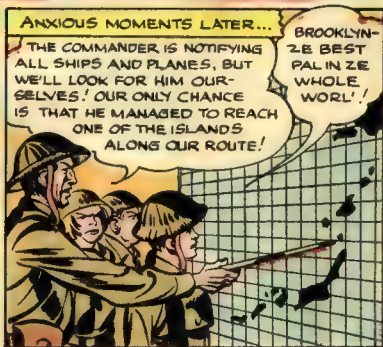
HE MUSTBE
AROUND SOME-
WHERE! BROOKLYN
WOULD NOT
MISS ZE
MEAL!

MAYBE HE
FELL TO
SLEEP ON
DER
BOAT!



'E HAIN'T
ERE! BLIMEY,
WOT COULD'VE
'APPENED
TO 'IM?

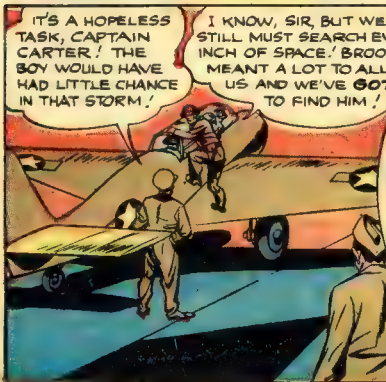
WE'VE SEARCHED EVERY
INCH OF THE SHIP! HE DIDN'T
GO ASHORE AHEAD OF US...
THERE'S ONLY ONE ANSWER—
HE WAS WASHED
OVERBOARD!



ANXIOUS MOMENTS LATER...

THE COMMANDER IS NOTIFYING
ALL SHIPS AND PLANES, BUT
WE'LL LOOK FOR HIM OUR-
SELVES! OUR ONLY CHANCE
IS THAT HE MANAGED TO REACH
ONE OF THE ISLANDS
ALONG OUR ROUTE!

BROOKLYN-
ZE BEST
PAL IN ZE
WHOLE
WORL'!



IT'S A HOPELESS
TASK, CAPTAIN
CARTER! THE
BOY WOULD HAVE
HAD LITTLE CHANCE
IN THAT STORM!

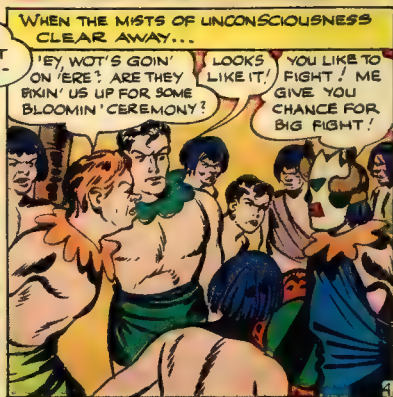
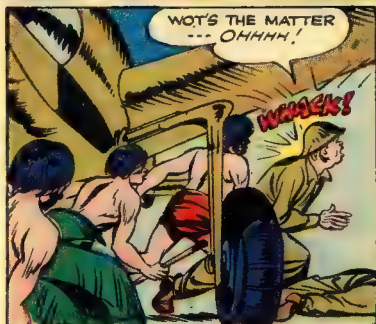
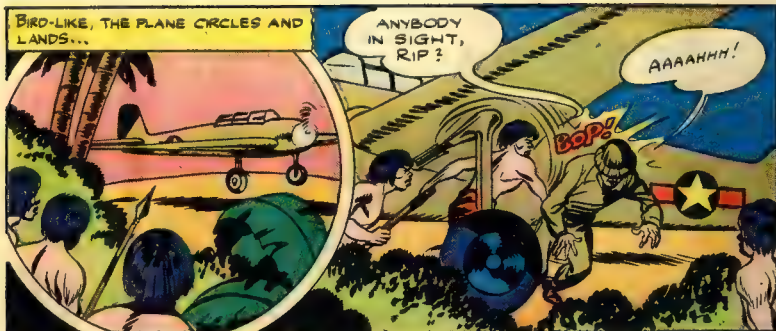
I KNOW, SIR, BUT WE
STILL MUST SEARCH EVERY
INCH OF SPACE! BROOKLYN
MEANT A LOT TO ALL OF
US AND WE'VE GOT
TO FIND HIM!

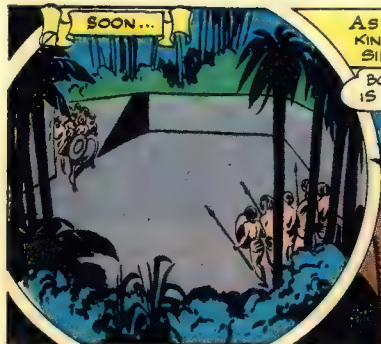


PRESENTLY...

I GUESS WE'RE
BEATEN, BOYS! WE'VE
COVERED ALMOST
EVERY ISLAND IN
THE SECTION...

ZERE IS
ONE MORE,
REEP! MAYBE
BROOKLEEN
GEE'S ON EET!



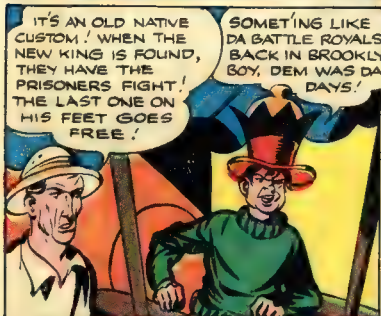


SOON...

AS THE GLADIATORS ENTER THE ARENA, THE KING OF THE ISLAND WATCHES FROM THE SIDELINES...

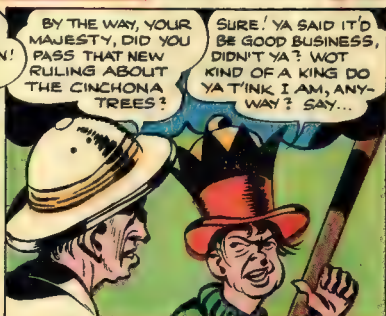
BOY, DIS KING BUSINESS IS DA NERTS! I-SAY, WHAT'S DIS?

IN HONOR OF YOUR MAJESTY'S CORONATION, THERE'S GOING TO BE A BATTLE OF GLADIATORS!



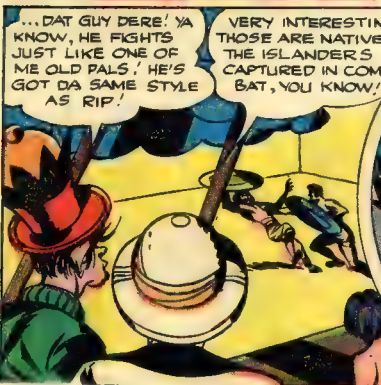
IT'S AN OLD NATIVE CUSTOM! WHEN THE NEW KING IS FOUND, THEY HAVE THE PRISONERS FIGHT! THE LAST ONE ON HIS FEET GOES FREE!

SOMETHING LIKE DA BATTLE ROYALS BACK IN BROOKLYN! BOY, DEM WAS DA DAYS!



BY THE WAY, YOUR MAJESTY, DID YOU PASS THAT NEW RULING ABOUT THE CINCHONA TREES?

SURE! YA SAID IT'D BE GOOD BUSINESS, DIDN'T YA? WOT KIND OF A KING DO YA T'INK I AM, ANYWAY? SAY...

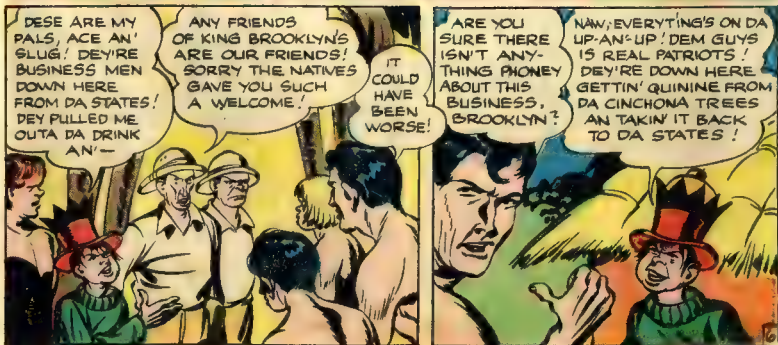
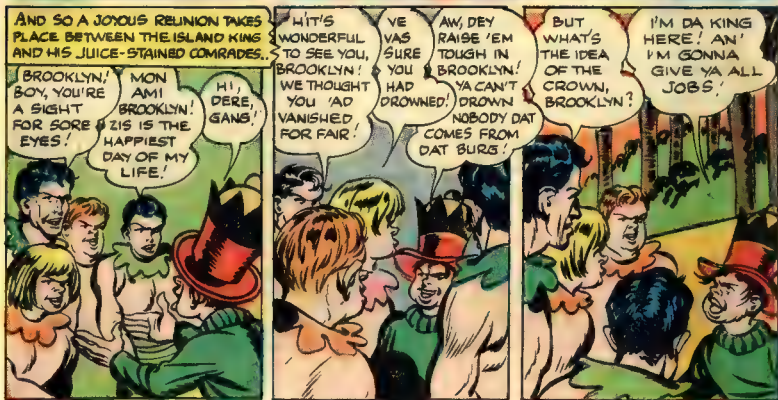


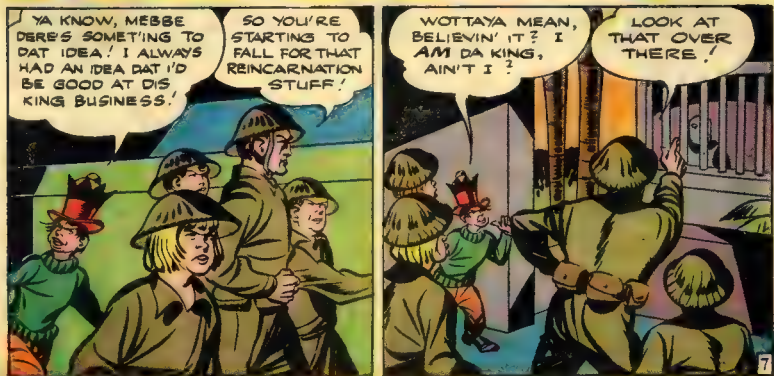
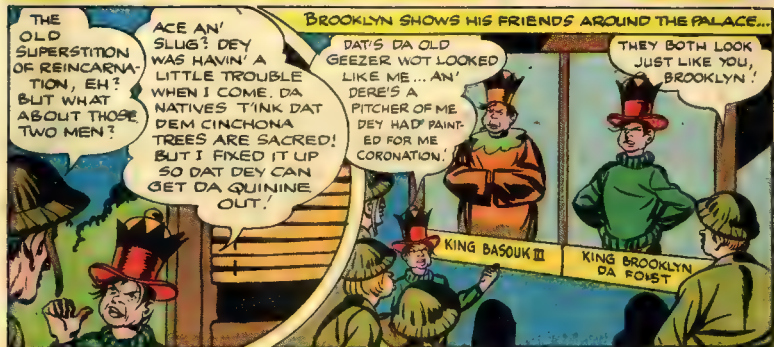
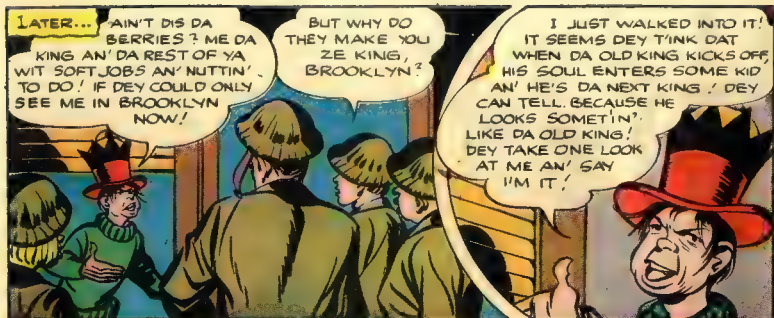
...DAT GUY DERE! YA KNOW, HE FIGHTS JUST LIKE ONE OF ME OLD PALS! HE'S GOT DA SAME STYLE AS RIP!

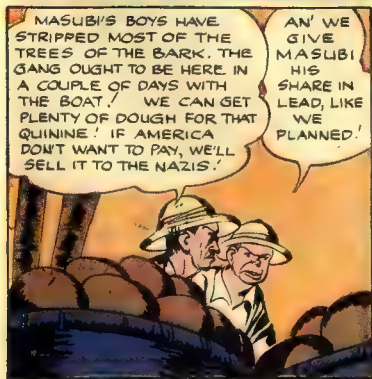
VERY INTERESTING! THOSE ARE NATIVES THE ISLANDERS CAPTURED IN COMBAT, YOU KNOW!



YEAH, O' COURSE I KNOW! ... BUT DAT LITTLE FAT GUY DERE'S GOT A RIGHT HOOK JUST LIKE ALFY'S....!







WOT'S DA IDEA?
BUSTIN' IN HERE
LIKE DAT! AIN'T A
KING GOT A RIGHT
TO SOME
PRIVACY?

NEVER MIND THAT NOW,
BROOKLYN! WE JUST OVERHEARD
ENOUGH TO KNOW ACE AND SLUG
PUT YOU IN AS KING SO THEY
COULD STRIP THIS ISLAND
OF QUININE! THEY'RE
CROOKS!

AW, YOU GUYS GIVE ME A
PAIN! DEY COULDN'T MADE
ME DA KING IF I HADN'T BEEN
DA REINKERNATION! DA
TROUBLE WIT' YOU GUYS
IS DAT YA GETS SUSPICIOUS
OF EVERYBODY!
YA AIN'T GO NO
FAIT' IN FRIENDS.

CONVINCED OF THEIR PAL'S PERFDY, RIP AND
THE BOYS LEAVE... BUT SUDDENLY...

WELL, BOYS, I
GUESS BROOKLYN
HAS SHOWN US
WHERE HE STANDS!
LET'S GO!

VE VAS
RIGHT VEN
VE THOUGHT
VE WOULD
NEVER
FIND OUR
PAL!

'E SELLS
OUT FOR
A
BLOOMIN'
KINGSHIP!

ZIS IS A MORE TERRIBLE WAY
TO LOSE A FRIEND ZAN IN
ZIE BATTLE! HE WAS LIKE
ZIE BROTHER!

YA SEE,
BOSS, I TOLD
YA DEM GUYS
WAS TOO
SNOOPY!

YEAH!
GET THEM,
MASUBI!

ONCE MORE TREACHERY TRIUMPHS
AS THE COMRADES ARE TAKEN BY
SURPRISE...

A TRAP! WE
WAS ACTIN' LIKE
BLOOMIN' SLEEP-
WALKERS WHILE
THEY SNEAKED UP
ON US!

LOOKS LIKE
BROOKLYN WINS!
HE WAS ALWAYS GOOD
AT THINKING OUT
THE ANGLES!

TAKE CARE OF THEM RIGHT,
MASUBI! WE DON'T WANT
TO TAKE ANY CHANCES
WITH A MURDER RAP...
IF SOMETHING DOES
GO WRONG!

YER A
SMART
ONE,
ALL RIGHT,
ACE!

MEANWHILE...

Y'AD T'INK
DEY WAS JEALOUS OF ME
IMPROVIN' MYSELF, DA WAY
DEY ACTED! DEY DON'T KNOW
HOW TO TREAT A KING, DAT'S
ALL.... STILL, DEY
WAS GREAT GUYS!
IT'S KINDA LONESOME
WIT'OUT DEM...

I BET DAT GUY IN DA IRON MASK GETS
LONESOME, TOO!... NOPE, HE'S BETTER OFFN
ME! DERE'S FIVE OF DEM NOW TO KEEP EACH
OTHER COMPANY!... I CAN'T FIGGER OUT DIS
TABOO STUFF...

WELL, I GUESS RIP AND DA KIDS
ARE GONE BY NOW! I HOPE DEY
GET ALONG OKAY WIT'OUT ME!...
MESBE I BETTER TAKE A WALK! I
AIN'T FEELIN' SO GOOD! MUST BE
ME DUTIES WEIGHIN' DOWN ON
ME!

WALKING ACROSS THE ISLAND, BROOKLYN
APPROACHES THE BEACH...

YEAH, DEY WAS GREAT GUYS...
BUT I GUESS DEY WAS A LITTLE
JEALOUS!... WOT'S DAT?

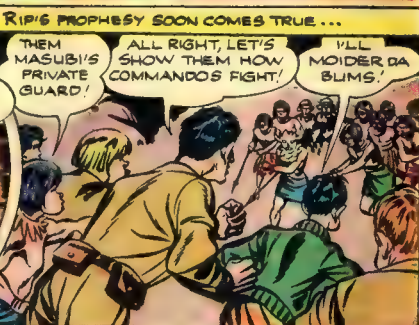
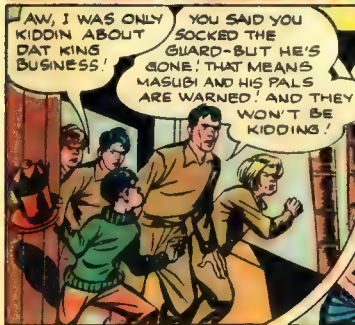
DAT'S DA PLANE DEY COME
IN! DAT MEANS DEY DIDN'T
LEAVE AFTER ALL!... JUMPIN'
JEEPS! DEM FOUR NEW
GUYS IN MASKS!

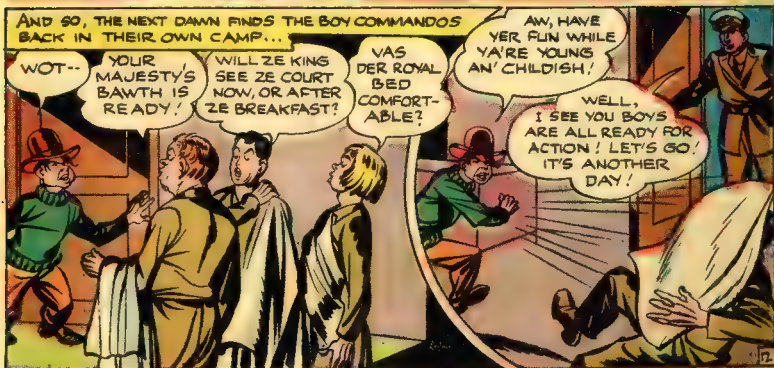
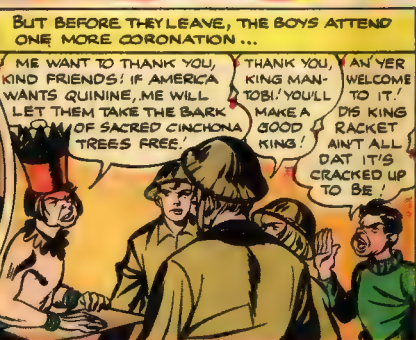
WITH BROOKLYN, TO THINK IS TO ACT! SO...

BUT MASUBI
SAY...

YIII!

WHO CARES WOT MASUBI
SAYS? I'M DA KING. AN'
DIS IS ME ROYAL SEAL!





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**BRINGS OBJECTS
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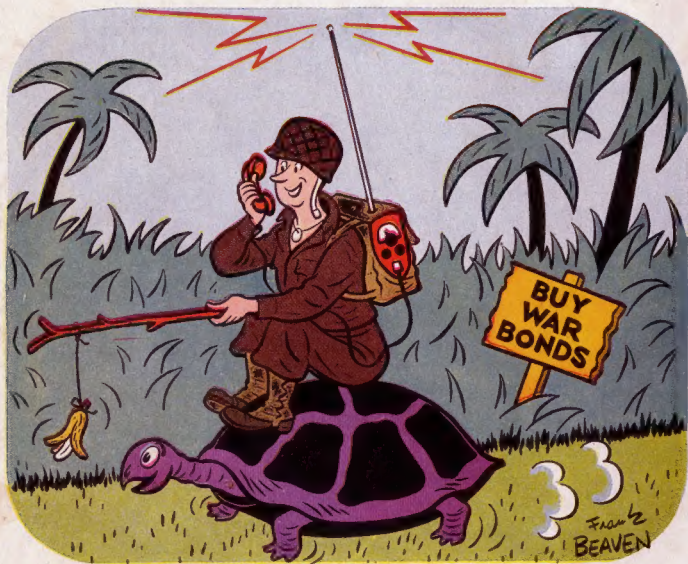
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